

SIR ROBERT PORRETT COLLIER has gained for himself the distinction of having his name handed down to future ages as the framer of the shortest bill ever known—the new Juries Act Amendment Bill. The act in question simply repeals one section of the Juries Act of 1870.



## BOXING NIGHT IN THE EAST.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCH.

NEGLECTING the attractions of the bills put forth by Old Drury and Covent-garden, we wandered eastwards—or rather, went as far as the toll-gate in the Commercial-road in a cab—to the Lyceum: not the aristocratic house in the Strand, but through lanes and alleys to the Lyceum in the East. The “Lyshum,” as the people who frequent it familiarly term it, is situate in a narrow street, stuck in the middle of a complete labyrinth of courts, lanes, and alleys, whose smells suggest fried fish, baked potatoes, decaying vegetables, and “something wrong with the drains.” In such places live the patrons of the most popular penny “gaff” in London: dock labourers, costermongers, coalheavers, and—we must admit it—thieves.

We arrived a few minutes before the doors of the Lyceum were opened, and beheld a crowd, composed chiefly of boys, struggling and fighting madly for the privilege of being squeezed flat against the doors, or of being thrown down and trampled upon when they were suddenly opened from the inside. On the outer skirts of this crowd stood the more prudent and less impatient visitors, whiling their time away at the stalls of the peripatetic vendors of “baked ‘taters,” “trotters,” or “stoo-ed eels.” A respectable old party, in a yellow silk neckerchief, and white linen sleeves tied over

his jacket, keeps up the liveliness of the game by incessantly iterating, “‘Ere y’are! ‘ere y’are! ‘ere y’are! ‘Ere’s yer floury ware! Baked ‘taters, orl ‘ot! orl ‘ot! orl ‘ot!” Occasionally varying the monotony of his song by loudly proclaiming that he has “Sold agen! sold agen!”

As the time at which we arrived was a few minutes before half-past eight, it may be necessary to explain that one performance was already over by a good half-hour, and that we were awaiting admission to the “second house.” At the “Lyshum” there are two performances every evening: one at half-past six, and the other at half-past eight; and it is not unworthy of note that many of the patrons of the “gaff” see both performances every night. There is a concert, with a slight difference of programme, and a distinct melodrama at each performance. At nine o’clock we were comfortably seated in the boxes, having paid threepence for the ticket. Pit, price twopence; and gallery, one penny. As it was Boxing Night, there was a very crowded house. The bill of the evening, posted up on a pillar near us, promised—“A Grand Concert, supported by a galaxy of talent, comprising Miss Marion De Fitzaylen, the dashing serio-comic (her first appearance here); Mr. De Courcy Bligg, of the Harrow Music Hall, Shoreditch (the original ‘Gin and Water Bill’), the great Prance’s one and only rival. To be followed by Messrs. Kangers and Grones, with their trained dog Nero, in one of their unrivalled broad-sword entertainments.”

Punctually at a few minutes after nine, the curtain rose upon the original “Gin and Water Bill,” Mr. De Courcy Bligg, who immediately proceeded to inform his audience that—

“‘E sawr Esaur kissin’ Kate—  
The fact was, they orl three saw;  
For ‘E sawr Esaur, ‘E sawr ‘E,  
And she sawr ‘E sawr Hesaur!”

A loud and prolonged round of applause followed this song, and the obliging Bligg accepted an *encore*, reappearing with a short stick, to which hung a long green tassel. His second song was partly spoken. He said, after each verse—

“Still, my deah buoys, in spite hof that,” he told her that (singing)—

“Hi was Gin and Water-a Bill!  
And I’ll derink till mesilf I fill;  
So sheout, buoys, sheout, and-a run about,  
For-a-Gin and-a Water-a Bill!”

"Chorus!" And the "buoys" did "sheout" with a vengeance, till, amid thunders of applause and ear-piercing whistles, Mr. Bligg, bowing his acknowledgments, retired with becoming grace. A faithful presentment is here given of Mr. Bligg, as he appeared on the evening in question.



Other songs and the dog Nero followed, until the curtain fell; and tarts and ginger-beer were handed round, and freely partaken of—the bottles which had contained the latter beverage being distributed by the "gods" with unsparing hands.

"Bolahs"—cakes the size of cricket balls, and very sticky—are dropped by friends in the gallery to pals in the pit. "'Arree" can't find out where "Billee" is, and keeps calling for him at frequent intervals. A few obstreperous individuals having been removed by the brass-buttoned functionary who does duty as beadle, the band, of five musicians and a big drum, strikes up a lively air, and everybody gets ready for the drama of the evening, as the bills describe it—

"Traupman! the Panting (*sic*) Assassin!! or, The Murders in the Lonely Field of Paris!!!"

While the band plays the cverture, we may find time to look round us. "'Arree," we are delighted to find, has at last succeeded in discovering "Billee;" and they are now seated together, duly impressed

and charmed with the enlivening strains from the orchestra.



'ARREE.



BILLEE.

A Jewish gentleman, seated near us, has at length put his cigar out—probably with the intention of giving his mind up entirely to the play. The little boys in the extreme front of the gallery are comparatively quiet, contenting themselves with a shrill whistling at intervals in time with the band—an accomplishment in which they have evidently achieved



a certain proficiency by dint of hard practice. Two ladies in the pit have finished



their "bolahs" and ginger-beer, and are contemplating the curtain and footlights with rapt attention.

The quiet is followed by some signs of impatience on the part of another lady, ac-

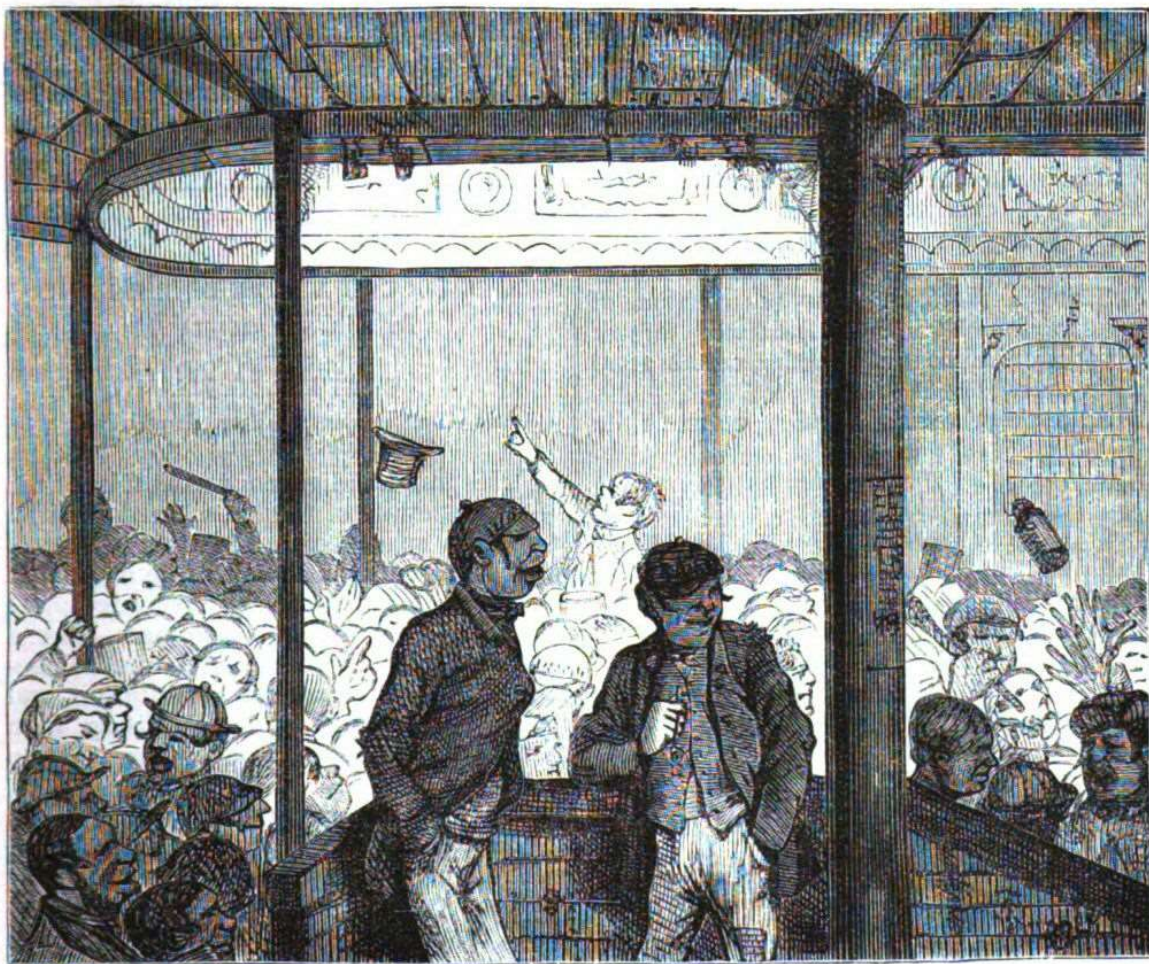


accompanied by a gentleman, both occupying seats in the front row of the pit.



The latter, whose face is adorned with curls known as "Newgate knockers," is

favouring the house with a rapid succession of catcalls, unrivalled in their close imitation of nature. At last the curtain rises on "the Deck of the Pirate's Barque." The pirate and friend of the Assassin appears, and the audience are at once calm and attentive; but as, for a quarter of an hour, this old gentleman—attired in red tights and a garment resembling a pinafore wrong side foremost—only mumbles inarticulately to two or three sailors in a condition more dilapidated than his own, we cannot make much out. Though often admonished to "speak up," he seems incapable of the effort. At last he shades his eyes and looks to the wings. Somebody is coming—it is the Assassin himself!—who speaks up with considerable vigour. Chord on the big drum (if practi-



THE EAST-END LYCEUM ON BOXING NIGHT.

cable). Black cloak and buskins, two immense pistols, and red and yellow tights—this is the Panting Assassin. He immediately addresses a long speech to the weak-voiced

old gentleman, and an exciting dialogue is evidently going on between them; but, as there is a fight in the pit, it is unfortunately lost upon the house. Apparently, the old



gentleman is mildly refusing to do the will of the Black Cloak. A general combat ensues, in which the audience take the greatest interest. The fight in the pit is discontinued.



THE PANTING ASSASSIN.

"'Old, base ruffian!' cries the young heroine, who rushes on; 'would you shoot me aged parient?'"

"Stand back, proud gyurl!" exclaims the Assassin, pointing his pistol at her.

"Nevar-r-r-r!" cries the "proud gyurl."

"Stand back-r, I say!"

"Nevar-r — a-ne-var-r-r!"

"Then, curse ye—a-die!"

And she falls, the crew standing round her while the curtain descends.

The next act is in the field before Paris; and here everybody falls, including the trained dog Nero—to all appearance the most intelligent animal on the stage.

Third act:—Miraculous resurrection of most of the characters. Animated, though purposeless, dialogue. Red fire, curtain; and all is over.

At a neighbouring hostelry we made the



acquaintance of the Assassin. In his every day dress he looked quite a different man.

He expressed great contempt for his present engagement, and assured us he had played up to many leading actors. "Old Jamaica," in half-quarters, was his favourite liquor. He was very communicative and affable in private life. His friends spoke of him familiarly by the name of "Jack."

The whole scene was curious and suggestive. It is not the business of an artist to moralize like a leader writer in the *Times*; but, before we close this short sketch, we will ask the readers of ONCE A WEEK to accept our assurance that every one of the little illustrations to this paper is a likeness, faithfully drawn from life on the spot; and, further, put it to a charitable public whether something cannot yet be done to elevate the tastes and better the condition of the frequenters of our "penny gaffs."

English charity is a noble and wide-spread thing; but perhaps, before we look abroad, we should consider the claims of that great East-end which lies so near us, to help in bringing into it light and truth.



THE SENIOR WRANGLER, like Lord Mayor's Day, only comes once a-year, and the close of January annually brings, to those interested in such matters, a flutter of expectation to know who will carry off the much-coveted laurel. To non-University ears, the term "wrangler" seems strange; and a word on the subject may not be amiss. In old times, the word wrangle was used in the Universities in the sense of "to dispute publicly"—that is, to defend or oppose a thesis. All degrees were originally gained by disputations; and the substitution of an examination to see whether the candidates were fit to dispute is a thing of comparatively modern times. The Vice-Chancellor, when the examination is over, admits the candidates, not to the Bachelor's degree, but *ad respondendum questioni*; and the person thus admitted is called a questionist. The form of asking some trifling question, or keeping a mock act, is afterwards performed between the questionist and the *Father* of his college—this being the name given to

one of the Fellows whose duty it is to present the candidates of his college to the Vice-Chancellor. On the Thursday after Mid-Lent Sunday, the Vice-Chancellor declares all the questionists—who in the interval have borne the name and assumed the dress of Bachelor of Arts—to be really entitled to their degree. The term “wrangler” must imply, therefore, one who is held more than usually qualified to proceed to the disputations which were once the practical test of his fitness for the degree.

THIS YEAR, the Senior Wrangler has had the usual honours paid him. We have learned who he is, from what training stables he comes, and the name and social position of his father. Having been accustomed from earliest infancy to learn these details every year, we have learned to regard it as part of our general social system. Why a young man who is first in a mathematical examination should be thus paraded for honour, rather than one who is first in any other examination, would be hard to say. Since, however, it is to be, we think that a line ought to be drawn at the senior. Of late years, a practice has grown up of putting in the names, schools, pedigrees, and private histories, not only of the senior, but also of the second, third, and even to the sixth wrangler. The thing is absurd, chiefly because it attributes a vastly undue importance to an examination which is only one among many others; and, at all events, nothing more than *prima inter pares* of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. And, if this fashion spreads, where are we to stop? Why should not every honour-man have his biography printed, “so far as he’s got?” Then of the Wooden Spoon of 1881 we shall probably read something like the following:—“Mr. Thycke Dundyrhedde, the Wooden Spoon for this year, is the eldest son of the Rev. Thycke Dundyrhedde, Rector of Marshcum-Mallows, and Rural Dean. At an early age, the future Wooden Spoon showed a decided predilection for figures and mathematics. He crossed the Asses’ Bridge with comparative ease, and mastered the intricacies of rule of three before he was eighteen. He carried off no prize at school, nor was he a scholar of his college. Mr. Slogough was his college tutor, Mr. Stuffem his private tutor. He was educated privately.” Observe, by the way, that they always put in the name of the college tutor;

principally, we suppose, because the college tutor has got nothing whatever to do with a man’s success in the tripos.

ANOTHER AGGRAVATING THING about the Cambridge mathematical honour list is the annual discussion which is raised as to what becomes of all the senior wranglers, as if an S.W. was another and a higher kind of being. Practically, the question is easily answered. They have generally a decided turn for mathematics; and from them, if they go on, come our best mathematicians. They are also, as a rule, men of great “go;” and, if they take to any other pursuit, they generally do well in it. It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that because a young man of twenty-two is a few marks ahead of other young men of the same age in a single examination, that he is on that account to be ahead all his life. It would be very easy, were it not for the unreasonableness of people, to show that senior wranglers have done very well indeed in after-life; though not better—as why should they?—than other young men who were not so high in the class lists. Of course, we ought not to look to literature as a field of success for senior wranglers. Most Cambridge men who have to turn to literature are either from the classical honour list, or are “poll” men.

A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING collection of pictures, consisting chiefly of historical portraits, is now on view at Mr. Cundall’s Gallery, No. 168, New Bond-street. The whole of the pictures exhibited have been collected by Mr. Charles B. Braham, whose property they are; and they do great credit to his taste, zeal, and assiduity as a connoisseur. We call attention to them chiefly for the purpose of mentioning three or four of the portraits of famous personages which are comprised in the collection. These are—Tom Moore and the Earl of Derby, by Sir David Wilkie; a portrait of Washington, President of the United States, painted by Keale; Jack Wilkes, Boswell, David Garrick, and honest Dick Steele;

Angelica Kauffmann, R.A.; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by Hudson; and many other valuable and interesting portraits.



A CORRESPONDENT: In connection with the Cambridge mathematical tripos, I send you the following parody of Campbell's "Last Man:"—

#### THE LAST MAN.

All Triposes shall *end* in gloom;  
The day far spent will be,  
Before that mortal shall assume  
His Bachelor's degree.  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
Which gave my spirit legs to leap  
To January from June:  
I saw the Last Man, greatly sold,  
Whose hands the Vice shall then unfold:  
To wit, the Wooden Spoon.

His Hood was on; his head was bare;  
His face with grind was wan;  
The senior Ops and Wranglers were  
Around that lowly man.  
Some were attired in black; the bands  
Still tidied were with careful hands;  
In salt-and-pepper some.  
The undergraduate gowns were fled,  
Which Gyps were lifting with the Bed-  
Makers, where all was Thumb!

Yet, Freshman-like that Johnian stood,  
And heaved a plaintive sigh;  
Or shook the creases from his Hood,  
When any Don brushed by;  
Mutt'ring beneath his breath, "'Tis Dunn! \*  
His days are told, my race is run;  
A mercy! I can go!  
For I these thousand days—three years  
Have been thus tied by plucky fears,  
I shall no longer know.

"What though beneath thee man may floor  
His 'Pump,' with pride and skill;  
Get up his Telescopes—nay, more,  
His Rainbow, if he will.  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
O Dunn! 'tis crowned all to-day,  
The toil that now is past;  
Though triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Have only placed me in the gang  
Of Junior Ops at *last*!"

\* A well-known Coach who pulls shady men through.

AT the present moment, when the spread of the *small-pox* epidemic is occasioning such alarm in London, the following note from an old magazine may possess some interest:—"Newport, in Wales, claims the merit of having practised inoculation of the small-pox from time immemorial, before it was even known to the other counties of Britain. For while the London physicians, on the recommendation of a Turkish practice by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were cautiously venturing to experiment on some condemned criminals, the more hardy native of Pembrokeshire dared to inoculate

himself, without the assistance of either physician or preparation. This was as early as the year 1722. The method had been constantly attended with great success; and though it had not acquired the name of inoculation, yet it was carried on in much the same manner. They called it *buying the small-pox*, as it was the custom to purchase the matter contained in the pustules of each other."

MR. ELLIS—whose experience on the subject is very large—recommends, in the re-vaccination of adults, a method differing from the one commonly in use. Believing that re-vaccination with dry lymph is deceptive and untrustworthy, Mr. Ellis proceeds as follows:—"After slightly rubbing the skin of the arm with a little eau de Cologne, to remove any greasiness from it, it is touched with a fine camel-hair pencil, dipped in vesicating liquid. Three little spots, of the size of a pin's head, only are thus left on the arm; and next day, into the minute vesicles thus formed, the ivory point,

charged with dry lymph, is placed for a minute. The cuticle is afterwards gently pressed down, and the operation is complete. The result," says Mr. Ellis, "is almost uniformly successful." These remarks of so eminent an authority are worth the notice of all interested in this most important subject.

